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## Notes of the Week

The next Labour government, we are rejoiced to learn, is already preparing for the suppression of revolution when it comes into office. This news, though expressly unofficial, comes from so high a source as Sir Stafford Cripps, Solicitor-general in the late Labour government. Rejoicing, it is true, may be mitigated by further reflection. Sir Stafford Cripps is not concerned with the danger latent in the mass meeting called by his own party for Sunday next, when the Communists, who are everywhere let in through doors set ajar by the Socialists, declare their intention to "collar the demonstration." The Socialists meet to abuse the Government, and their aim is a purely party one since they have no serious alternative policy to propose, but they will, we may be sure, like all Kerenskies, turn their ranting to howls should they not be protected from the Lenins and the Trotskies.

No, the Labour lawyer's mind is bent on the prospect of "Capitalist revolutionaries" uprising against his régime, when it comes in, and he proposes as a counter-check that the Socialist government, on taking office, should pass an "Emergency Powers Act," after obtaining from the King the creation of enough Socialist peers to swing the House of Lords. Another Labour leader has laid down that the Socialists, having obtained a majority in the House of Commons, should refuse to take office unless His Majesty will give them an undertaking to give them a majority for their programme in the Lords too.

Well, no one can say that we are not forewarned.

The Parliamentary crisis in France looks at the first blush like any of the ordinary, one might almost say, regular crises that affect our neighbours' Parliamentary life. But in truth it is not. It is far more important than most of the hundred or so that have rent the Chamber of Deputies in the course of sixty years and may yet prove the most vital of all. The crisis that has pitchforked M. Daladier into office is merely the second act of the play that toppled M. Herriot out, and the same forces will drive M. Daladier to follow M. Paul Boncour. The reason for this is quite clear. M. Herriot beat M. Tardieu at the general election last May by an alliance at the polls between the Radical and the Socialist parties. By a reconstruction, in other words, of the "Cartel" of 1924 that brought France to the verge of ruin two years later.

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The same process is taking place before our eyes to-day. At the polls alliance is easy. In office it is a different thing. The Socialists, steadfast in their determination not to accept responsibility, call the tune, and even as

## The Canker

they came back stronger to the Chamber in 1932, so is the tune worse. The Radicals will not play it up to the required point. M. Herriot has a genuine, if somewhat woolly, sense of patriotism: he was overthrown by the Socialists. M. Paul Boncour and M. Chéron have some rudimentary notions of sound finance: they were overthrown by the Socialists. Last time M. Poincaré stepped in to save France by forming a government of National Union including all but the Socialists. This time there is no Poincaré in active politics,

and the Socialists are stronger. Under Socialist inspiration France is sinking into a welter of selfish struggle between classes and professions. Serious government is becoming impossible. No wonder that M. Tardieu should call for a revision of the constitution to give the Prime Minister the power of dissolution. Unless some such remedy be found, worse may befall.

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The Government have now openly made their own the suggestion advanced in these columns that the best hope in present circumstances with regard to the debate between England and America is that of a War Debts Moratorium.

### Tempus Vincit

It is hardly conceivable that conversations initiated in March and hedged about with the conditions that appear to be shaping in the American mind, should bear fruit before June is on us with the date for the next instalment of the American debt. Should this hour fall in the midst of delicate negotiations, their issue would be seriously prejudiced by Great Britain defaulting on our next payment, as would be inevitable if no agreement had been reached. Therefore a moratorium on War Debts is the most practical goal for which to make in the immediate future. Unless we are now prepared to default, it is in fact the only one. Time conquers all things—sometimes even debts.

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Adolf Hitler, Germany's master demagogue, has got where he wanted to be. But Hitler has risen to be Chancellor by sinking Hitlerism. Doubtless he felt that power in the country was slipping away from him and that he had better take what he could get while he could get it. He is controlled on the paths of finance, trade, industry, the Prussian police, and the Reichswehr by stalwarts of the Junkers, the Industrialists, and of President von Hindenburg personally. In this striking appointment of Germany's first National-Socialist prime minister we see the National well enough, but where is the Socialist? Von Papen, Luther, Hugenberg and the Reichswehr junta wield the power behind the throne. In foreign policy the Nazi Reichskanzler has no choice but to continue that hitherto pursued, and the foreign minister remains unchanged.

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This, however, is not to say that the German situation can be neglected by Englishmen or is other than menacing. If Hitler has climbed by Nationalist aid to the Chancellorship, it is because the Nationalists have use for him, and his usefulness is precisely to press into the service of Nationalism the popular ferment in Germany that crystallised into Hitlerism. To what the decree for the dissolution of the Reichs-

tag to obtain which was Hitler's first act will lead, only the verdict of the polls can reveal. All that can be said now is that the conjunction of Hitler with the Nationalists marks a step forward on their road towards a complete restoration of the German strength.

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Germany had already got rid of her reparations. This she did by a combination of bluster and intrigue directed against the weakest points of the weak coalition formed by her creditors. She has now to all intents and purposes got rid of the restrictions on her military power. This was the result of French weakness and British obtuseness at Geneva. Whatever the issue of the hawking over Disarmament, whatever the theoretical balances and bogus guarantees to be devised by the Conference, Germany will now never be content with less than the best portion, and she will get it. She has a strong army, a definite policy unaffected by internal changes, and sees her goal ahead. Hitler will prove only one of her instruments to reach that goal.

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John Galsworthy will be remembered—if at all—when we are dead as novelist, rather than as dramatist, and there is published on another page an appreciation of the novelist, particularly the novelist who made portraits of women. But the dramatist was important also. Here, perhaps, even more than in the parallel form of his art, Galsworthy was in debt to those qualities of patience and perseverance which brought success to him in middle age. He was the particular, instructed, and conscientious craftsman. The Silver Box, The Pigeon, Strife, Loyalties, Escape—all these plays had the essence of drama; clash, humanity, feeling, admirable dialogue, a good story and well-planned "theatre" were always there. It was impossible to be bored.

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But it was not impossible to be irritated. For Galsworthy, always choosing a theme suitable to a "play with a purpose," refused to permit a prejudice or deliver a judgment. He showed you this and that, engaging sympathy now

### The Dramatist

for this cause or character and then for that and, having set all before you, stirring emotion, exciting pity, drawing tears, he left you *planté là*. Not the playwright, but the playwright's audience was to be the Bench. And it is interesting, if vain, to wonder whether this rather crippling impartiality was due to the perfect balance of a sane mind or to some strange inhibition that denied the dramatist the position of a judge. His plays were good, successful, and interesting. They might have been great plays if they had been less objective.

### And Its Uses

The work submitted for the Rome Scholarships in Mural Painting, Sculpture and Engraving for 1933 are now on view at the Gallery

### The "Prix de Rome"

of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington. There is more sculpture than usual and it is of considerable merit. The engravings, too, are excellent, in fact much the most complete things in the show. Engravers are probably more early mature than painters and sculptors. Their art is humbler, their craft more easy to master. The "modern movement" so bewildering to students of painting and sculpture in our schools of art leaves engravers (other than wood-engravers) comparatively unaffected to get on with their craft.

It is noteworthy that out of the 12 candidates in the Engraving and the 14 in the Painting Section in each case no fewer than eight were students of the Royal College of Art—a school supposed to be concerned not so much with the Fine Arts as with the training of industrial designers and teachers.

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In the Painting Section one is amazed at the contrast between the excellence of the drawings and the feebleness of the larger compositions. The fact is that our schools of art now teach drawing admirably; but in the absence of a sound native tradition can do little to assist the student in mural painting. Everything is experimental, and, unable to design the figure freely, students are tied down to the model, with the result that their compositions become static and spiritless. Left to absorb influences of any style or period from Botticelli to Stanley Spencer, they plagiarise in the most unintelligent manner conceivable.

Mural Painting is not wanted in England. It never was, as the tragic lives of Barry, Haydon, etc., illustrate. These compositions so painfully manufactured by aspirants to the "Prix-de-Rome" are more dead than prize-poems, as tedious as modern Latin verses. Why, then, continue to insist upon mural painting in an obsolete and foreign tradition? By all means let us endow sufficiently promising young painters, but let them stay at home if they want to.

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We had something to say last week in general terms about the activities of the Joint Electricity Authority in the London and Home Counties area, and on the matter of bureaucratic control as opposed to private enterprise. It is of interest, therefore, to turn to a particular case which is to be the subject of official inquiry next week. The Joint Electricity Authority wants to take over, as part of a larger plan affecting East

### From General to Particular

Surrey, what is known as the Caterham Undertaking, on which the capital expenditure of Dec. 31st, 1931, stood at £103,936 without any apparent specific provision for depreciation. The main provision of the Joint Authority's agreement to purchase was that it would pay £172,500, which seems a fairly large sum when the capital expenditure on the undertaking is remembered. But the real point, it seems to us, comes here: the Caterham undertaking is isolated from the distribution areas which the Joint Authority have acquired from other companies whereas it forms a natural geographical addition to the existing and adjoining area of the County of London Electric Supply Co., which bounds Caterham on the north and supplies Caterham in bulk under a subsisting agreement. It becomes exceedingly difficult, therefore, to see how the acquisition of an isolated area by the Joint Authority will serve the purpose of co-ordinated distribution.

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The County of London Co. has put the whole matter to the test by offering to take over the Caterham Undertaking on the terms offered by the Joint Authority. It will pay the agreed purchase price and conform to the other terms. It

### A Direct Challenge

asks for a fifty years' tenure, reasonably insists that repurchase at the end of that period should take into account the price paid now as "capital properly expended," and is agreeable to a committee being set up to review rates for supply and other questions arising between the consumers, the ratepayers and the company. It is willing that points of difficulty which may arise between that committee and the company should be referred to the Electricity Commissioners for guidance or decision, admits its liability to be called on at any time to show that prices charged are reasonable, and guarantees specified reductions of prices at once. That seems to us to be a fairly full-blooded challenge to what is at present a small but extremely ambitious bureaucracy, and we have little doubt about where either the immediate or the ultimate benefit to the consumers will lie in the issue as between an experienced commercial company which knows its business and is on the spot and a branching out of what is no more than an experiment (and, as we think, a thoroughly mistaken one) in nationalisation.

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The official mind seems at last to have discovered that unemployment is no passing phase, as Mr. Loftus has suggested more than once in the *Saturday-Review*. All over the world, men are being displaced by machinery, and it is very hard to see how there can ever be in the future enough work to go round. Prosperity may return,

### Work and Dole



but there will always remain a residue of unemployment. The Government may be right in refusing to seek an alleviation in a public works programme, though Italy appears by this means to have converted to the public advantage every ounce of the private tragedy of unemployment. Surely the idea that the difficulties would be intensified by such a measure as the Cunarder scheme, when the work has been accomplished, suggests myopia rather than long sight.

At any rate little can be hoped from timid measures such as the development of Instruction Centres for Juvenile and Adolescent Unemployed. There is more to be done than that. We would refer the reader to a letter from a Somerset correspondent in this week's issue. He puts forward a problem which good will must be able to solve. Surely it is possible to arrange that dole or benefit shall still be paid, when men are engaged on special work for the benefit of the community, if the community concerned provides the balance to make up their full wages. Then unproductive expenditure would become productive, at least to some extent, to say nothing of the moral side.

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A grand opportunity for the student of mass psychology is in town and no further than the Strand. It is there you must go,

#### Personality

if you would see how one woman can dominate a crowd of fifteen hundred, so that they completely surrender their will, their senses, their very being to her. And not only once, but night after night. Delysia is her name, the Gaiety the place: there Delysia fills the whole stage, the whole evening long, and there is nothing but her, and she is wonderful. Strictly speaking there is something else—some very jolly lines by Mr. A. P. Herbert that form the rails on which a fairly vapid play by Louis Verneuil, put through a German mill, and tricked out with a few airs by Oscar Strauss, runs tepidly along. But Delysia makes you forget good and poor alike. Her supreme competence makes "Mother-o'-Pearl" the vast success it will be. She has everything required for it. She has any amount of "ça." She is glorious. She conquers everything and everyone. Go and be conquered too.

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"Equity," which is brief for the British Actors' Equity Association, has begun its life by stopping the performance of a play because the actors in it had not received salaries due for work done. This striking example was much needed to put the fear of God into the hearts of managements that speculate without having money to foot the bill in case of failure. In times past such

gentry have not dared to welsh stage hands, protected by a powerful union. Now actors will be put on the same level as the carpenter and the property man.

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The luckless piece so dealt with by Equity on grounds of mere contractual honesty, might with equal justice have had the same fate meted out to it on those of art. Whatever Wagner may have deserved for his faults as a man, no punishment could have been so cruelly exaggerated as this pretentious rhodomontade called "The Beggar's Bowl," now blessedly broken. The one consolation was the lovely Mathilde Wesendonck, Miss Barbara Hoffe, who managed to impart truth to turgid high-falutin'.

Wagner, Wagner, que de crimes on commet en ton nom!

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Are there really or is it that there only seem to be no or few giants or even great figures in this age?

#### Our World of Minnows

Statemanship, poetry, drama, literature, art, all seem overfull of middle stature and Big Business the only exception to a rule. It began with the Great War, which produced no really Great Commander, and it certainly goes on. Perhaps the war was too confused a struggle for individual pre-eminence and perhaps the Peace has been so depressing as to damp the fires of genius. Or it may be that Genius and Pre-eminence are "quite dead" in a decaying world. Democracy and what is known as progress are supposed to imply equality, and is it not much easier to level down than to level up? We shall see or others will see. But in reply to the obvious suggestions of Mussolini and George Bernard Shaw, why, the former is a portent and the latter (if his genius be allowed) the last of the Victorians—whether he knows it or not.

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There seems to be a general agreement that we are bound to face, from now onwards, a declining population in this country. There

#### Quantity and Quality

is, perhaps, one thing to be said about this—that the statisticians and students and professors who give us news of this kind, as if they were merely investigating the algebraic value of X, may always be confounded by the incalculable whims and fashions of human nature. Assuming, however, that they are correct, we are surely forced at once to a more serious interest in the resources of Eugenics. The sterilisation of the unfit may be an exceedingly controversial subject and any legislative action would pile up difficulties. But it has



already become not only a subject fit for mixed conversation—as all subjects are nowadays—but something which seems bound to come in time.

It is at least certain that if our population is to decrease steadily we cannot afford to let it spring from the least suitable parents. A more restricted race, more sensibly bred, would solve many problems. And if compulsory sterilisation is the way to reach it, the liberty of the individual and the prejudices of the old-fashioned will not be allowed to bar it.

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A frost calls many a country bird to town as surely as the London season attracts the fashionable human: they know where there is food and to spare, when the iron-frozen ground scorns the beak and the berries are exhausted.

### The End of the Frost

The visitors, however, find the London residents depressed despite the plenty provided by charitable bird-lovers. The blackbirds and thrushes in the parks do not like fighting for crumbs with common sparrows and fearsome gulls. The water birds are broken-hearted to find their element turned solid. It would be hard to find a sadder picture than a swan, that model of grace, waddling with the clumsiness of a hippopotamus across a frozen pond or the disconsolate heron standing on the ice and pecking vaguely at it, while he wonders what has happened to all the fish.

When the thaw comes, the water-birds come to life again. The heron and the swan detect the first breaks that open in the ice. Duck fly madly round in wide circles, searching for the best open water. When they have espied the best pool, they plane down in headlong eagerness, taking the water with a careless splash and a wriggle of their tails, which must express delight.

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Although the promise of its beginning was fair enough, the shooting season now ended was in many districts and in rather curious ways disappointing. Partridges, with the wrong weather at the wrong time, were a poor—in some places almost a non-existent—crop, although here and there the nests, clutches, and young birds were quite level with the average. But pheasants, wild or hand-reared, had no excuse for failure in the South, which escaped the devastating rains and floods of the Midlands at hatching time. Nor did they fail. It was the general experience that they did very well, especially the birds on the rearing field. Yet throughout the season and at its end it was a complaint common in the Southern counties that shooting hosts and syndicates had not got the number of birds that should have been killed, while no more than an average breeding stock is left to-day.

"Straying" cannot be an adequate explanation, because this would fill up one shoot at the expense of another and average out all round. Yet in a district of Hampshire three or four shoots all lying adjacently have had much the same ill luck. Certainly the leaf stayed on very late and the undergrowth, never killed down by hard frost until in the last days of January, was like a jungle. And, where big days had been arranged for the usual dates, this must have accounted for a poverty of result, which it is always difficult to enrich later on. If pheasants are not killed at the first shoots, they have a nasty habit of slipping out of the game book altogether. Even so, even making allowances for all possible changes and chances, it has been on many covert shoots a disappointing, and oddly disappointing, year.

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### PUNISHMENT FOR EDITORS

[Something in the newspaper *Kooshesh* offended the Shah of Persia, and he ordered the arrest of the editor. As a punishment the editor has been sentenced to sweep the steps of the police station in Teheran.—*Daily paper*.]

It is comforting to know that the Editor of the *Saturday Review*

(Whom, like many of you,

I have never actually seen in the flesh)

Is never likely to suffer the fate of his brother editor of *Kooshesh*.

It is unthinkable that *our* Editor would ever wittingly offend

Either an enemy or a friend,

But even if he did

(Which God forbid!)

There would be no question of such degradation  
As making him sweep the steps of the local police station.

The matter would be settled to everybody's satisfaction

By a libel action,

And (if the complainant had any real grounds)

By the payment of a trifle such as a couple of thousand pounds.

All the same

There are *some* editors I could name

From whom I should like to make a selection

For treatment under the Shah's method of correction

(In fact I should be overjoyed

At seeing some of them even more menially employed).

There is one in particular who (for some reason which to me is inscrutable)

Keeps on sending my MSS. back as "unsuitable."

If I had anything to do with the decision

He would to-day (under police supervision)

Be sweeping the gutters of some low street

In the neighbourhood of Bow Street,

And after that would be kept working hard

For several weeks cleaning the windows of Scotland Yard.

That I fancy would larn him

(Darn him!).

W. HODGSON BURNET.

## "The Thwackings"

### Some Victims of a Liberal Education

IT is unfortunately true that the citizens of this great country are often unenlightened on the most important subjects. Thus we are indebted to "a correspondent" of the *Times* for a great deal of knowledge about corporal punishment in "transferred schools." It seems that the special service sub-committee are making recommendations to safeguard superintendents or head masters from moral distress and children from physical misery and degradation. After reading the clauses of regulation E266 (a and b) which are to govern every kind of thwacking in these schools we do not know whether to find ourselves more gratified, more relieved, or more astonished by the change in manners and education.

#### *Thou Shalt Have Two Canes Only*

It is at all events certain that the gross indignities which degraded our own youth and, or so we suppose, warped our minds are a thing of the past, for corporal punishment must not be inflicted except "(a) on a male child over the age of seven and under the age of 14; (b) by the superintendent or an officer specially authorised by him for the particular occasion; (c) in the presence of at least two officers, of whom the superintendent shall be one; (d) with a cane of approved pattern, as authorised by the Council. There are two canes, a larger and a smaller. The smaller cane shall be used for all boys below 10 years of age; the larger or the smaller cane may be used for boys above 10 years of age at the discretion of the superintendent; (e) after the expiration of two hours from the commission of the offence for which the punishment is inflicted.)"

And there are other regulations, which govern the number of strokes on hands or "posterior" and the kind of trousers to be worn.

In a book, "Victorian Sensations," reviewed in another column of this issue, there is published an account of the embittered controversy which occupied columns of the *Times* and lots of space in other newspapers and reviews when the quite amiable Dr. Goodford was head-master of Eton. It all arose from the fact that a pompous and ridiculous gentleman, whose name may be forgotten, raised the very devil of a row after his son had been expelled, because with physical force the son had resisted the birch. At the time this protestant got very little sympathy, and there may be even to-day people so misguided as to believe that the system of "working off" "tunding" or whacking with a birch or a cane by head masters and sixth form is the true foundation of all the advantages of the public school education on which the character of English leadership has been built. Regulation E266 (a and b) reminds us of the savagely ignorant absurdity of such an attitude.

It is the fact that the writer of these words recalls after more than thirty years the abominable conduct of a now famous Professor. This creature during the whole of one term at a public school applied a cane to his posterior every time that he spilt any water in emptying his fag-master's bath, being always careful to observe that only one pair of quite ordinary trousers was worn for the occasion. That, of course, is a trivial and petty reminiscence. But it illustrates the vile cruelty of a system of rewards and punishments which hurt the body severely and wounded the sensitive and shrinking soul. How much more frightful is the notorious conduct of another head master of Eton, Dr. Keate, whose inhuman zeal is also recorded in "Victorian Sensations" and elsewhere. This wretched felon believed that an unsparing use of the birch could restore to Eton the discipline and moral atmosphere which had been dissipated under his predecessor, and it was obviously one of the chief pleasures of his life to flog everyone, whether they were candidates for confirmation or unhappy boys detected in some breach of the rules. If Dr. Keate had lived in these enlightened days he would probably have been accused of some sexual maladjustment such as Sadism. As it was he was actually popular with the school and deluged with sycophantic tributes of affection and respect when he retired.

#### *One Law for the Rich*

There is, of course, another and a very serious objection to the application of cane or birch either to the hands or to the posterior without careful regulations which should be enforced on every school throughout the land. This arises from the fear, suspicion, or certainty that one class of the population may receive educational advantages denied to other classes. Thus a great many men go about the world to-day claiming, however wrongfully, that indiscriminate whacking in their youth did them a frightful lot of good. Of course it did not. But how wrong it is that they should be able to make this boastful claim and to take this Pharisaic attitude! Let us have equality of opportunity at all events. And let us have no more of this damn nonsense about the cane and birch.

If, in spite of every argument, educated and sane people in general refuse to believe in the advantages of such humane regulations as E266 (a and b); if these people question whether education can be enforced so long as any silly father can bring an action for assault against the master who whips his son; if there is to be any real doubt as to whether mollicoddling, sloppy sentimentalism, and complete licence of conduct for all young things are for the best in the best of all possible worlds, why, what can we say? Merely that people who think after this sort belong to an age of realism and that we are thankful for belonging to it also.

# A Survey of Foreign Policy

## II.—Some Results. By John Pollock

THE first of our two questions—What is our national policy in foreign affairs?—is unfortunately only too easy to answer. In his brilliant study of modern Egypt Lord Lloyd has just pointed out that British policy there has been one of evasion and not of achievement. British policy in Egypt has not differed from British policy elsewhere: everywhere it has been a policy of evasion. Evasion of responsibility, escaping from the need for determination, shuffling away from policy altogether. Sapped by the Liberalism of Asquith, to whom anything beyond the House of Commons was a nuisance to be put aside with a clever debating point, British policy entered the War in a state of debility. The high-mindedness of Lord Grey of Fallodon could not make him a foreign minister of the front rank, and at that moment we were still living on the ragged leavings of the Salisbury policy which in spiritual essence was the continuance of Disraeli, just as Edward VII's personal influence in Europe continued that of Queen Victoria, who in 1875 had prevented a repetition of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

### *Built on the Sands*

It would seem as though the outcome of the War marked clearly enough the path of British policy: to consolidate the victory of the Allies and so to prevent the recurrence of another war in Europe for a generation, the limit of useful human provision. An example was at hand. The last great European war had come to an end in 1815, and the settlement made at the Congress of Vienna, guaranteed by the Holy Alliance, kept the peace for almost exactly that period, thereby affording the best answer to the gibes often levelled at both. It is an ignorant objection that economic conditions since 1919 have denied us a result as excellent. Europe emerged from the Napoleonic wars far more exhausted; at the beginning of the 1820's something like a quarter of the population of England was on the poor rates; yet recovery was brilliant, and within twenty years France, the most sorely tried country, had regained complete prosperity because the war was brought to a definite end in 1815 and the peace that followed was a lasting peace. This lesson was neglected and our house built on the sands.

"England," said Charles James Fox in a vivid outburst, "has no love for coalitions." Our post-war history appears to have falsified his prediction, for there is no evidence of England caring one of Wellington's tuppenny dams. But it is certain that a coalition is the enemy of foreign policy. An expressed opponent of national ideals, such as a Socialist government, may have a worse foreign policy than a coalition; but a coalition foreign policy is sure to be feeble, dilatory, and emasculated, because it represents a connexus of opposite ideas that from the nature of things can never be fused.

### *The Dissembling of Love*

With the exception of the period when the Labour Government was in office, England has virtually had nothing since the war but a coalition foreign policy. Under Mr. Lloyd George's régime there was no concealment about this, and the best description of the policy he inaugurated is in Mr. Oliver Stanley's recent words in a different connection at Belfast: "That course of action which is the temptation of all statesmen and of all statesmanship—to try to appease your opponents at the expense of your friends." It may be a matter for interesting speculation why Mr. Lloyd George gave this impress to British policy: whether it was conscious with him, or the unconscious flower blossoming from vicious Limehouse roots, or merely the pusillanimous hovering of a second-rate mind. The blatant fact is that such an impress Mr. Lloyd George did give. In 1922 England failed to renew her decennial alliance with Japan; she drifted into relations with France that could be defined, by a current gibe, as "la mésentente cordiale"; she slavishly followed the lead of American finance, largely interested in Germany, in the game of relieving that country from the results of the war it had started.

The Lloyd George impress remained. This was doubtless due in part to the enduring influence of the Welsh wizard on the mind of Mr. Baldwin. In matters pertaining to the Far East, to India, to Egypt, to our relations with France and Germany there was in any case no perceptible change. If there was any idea in our national policy, it came from a re-echo of the old theory of the balance of power in Europe that was already outworn before the War and was blown by it to dust thinner than that of Krakatoa. That the Coalition should have tacked and luffed instead of sailing ahead was natural, but that the Conservative party should so have failed to create a steady breeze is deplorable. Proof that it did so is supplied by the fact that on Labour coming in no serious change was to be detected. With a National government led by an ex-Labour prime minister and a Liberal foreign secretary we are, so far as foreign policy is concerned, back at Coalition.

The direct result of this has been to prevent serious co-operation between this country and France—the absence of which has indirectly affected finance and trade—and to drive France into the Briandist policy of attempting to conciliate Germany at almost any cost, which has definitely failed. To those who best knew the mind of Germany the failure of Briand's policy seemed inevitable, but it may have been difficult for France, deprived of the support on which she should have been able to count, to adopt another line. Its failure has in any case seriously damaged the precarious solidity of European peace.



# Ireland, Elections, and Realities

By Shane Leslie

I WATCHED the Irish Elections from the border, which runs along the counties of Monaghan, Armagh and Tyrone, and so far from the result being an unexpected one, I was consistently told that it would be a stalemate in favour of De Valera. It seems difficult to survey the Election without adopting a violent standpoint, since both verbiage and feelings took that acute bitterness for life or death which Irish politics assume toward polling day, but I will endeavour to look back with that impartiality, which all sides condemn with the same disdain, with which we are told in Holy Scripture the tepid shall be cast forth to the benefit of the genuine "hot" and sincere "cold." There have been only two sides in Irish politics for three hundred years. The difference between the two Parties to-day is that Cosgrave says that is no longer so and Valera has successfully insisted that it is.

The border Counties, no doubt, suffer from a dead line buttressed with formidable tariffs; for instance, the traveller entering the Free State from Armagh passes three successive stations which have Customs Staffs and barriers: Tynan, Glaslough, and Monaghan. I saw a wood through which Free State cattle are rumoured to be driven at night. These, when caught in the Six Counties, are confiscated. I also saw a bog, on the actual boundary out of which snipe and pheasants can be shot in the Free State so as to fall in the Six Counties. The irritation is equal on either side of partition, but the Border Counties, however much they have suffered from the Valera policy, did not condemn him at the Polls. They forget their financial losses for the sake of the threat which he carries to Partition. This, I believe, was the most decisive stroke or policy used by Valera in the Election, and for this reason—the Nationalists in the Six Counties gave all the funds and support they could muster to Fianna Fail, which appeared to them as their one chance of emancipation from the Belfast Government.

It is to be recorded that Republicanism has made great way in the North, not only amongst the Catholics, but in the Left wing of the Protestants. If this is so, and one is assured that it is, nothing more important to England or Ireland could be taking place. I believe a large Electorate voted for the Party which they considered most threatening to Partition and for no other reason.

Valera's support coming from the young, the enthusiastic, the embittered idealists, the unemployed and those who had nothing to lose except the Election, is one that automatically grows, while the old guard, the aged survivors of the old Unionist and Nationalist Parties, are bound to decrease. It seems impossible for Cosgrave to come back except by a miracle, but as Ireland is the last country in Europe believing in miracles that cannot be set aside as impossible. As Parnell thrust out Butt, as Healy slew Parnell, as

Griffiths overthrew Redmond, so Valera has unsaddled Cosgrave. Cosgrave gave Ireland her only good ten years since the Union. Valera can only equal his achievement in economics. He cannot surpass it in the next ten years. The Election was fought with that stern and breathless determination which marks the gulf between English and Irish Elections. For a century the vote has been the only expression of religious and racial endeavour. Class and economical motives have been added, but for all practical purposes the bulk of Protestants and Catholics vote in opposite camps if they can find them. Religious rancour is dead, but class warfare has survived, unfortunately.

The old Eighteenth Century magnates introduced and perfected the Election game, distaining and intimidating each other's voters, and the Irish took up and perfected the game with an ardour and a closeness which the modern English have only time to give to the rules of Cricket. Personation is a risk that any partisan will take, and its achievement is a matter of honour and congratulation. The extent to which it is practised remains a secret between the pot and the kettle, for neither can afford to call each other black on the subject. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that on the whole the recent Poll was a fair Ballot.

Except for the great meetings addressed by the two leaders, the meetings through the country were far from openly enthusiastic or multitudinously attended. The mass of voters have their minds so strongly made up that rather than risk catching the flue at a meeting they preferred to reserve their strength for the day. Another point noticeable was that hate for England was purely abstract. All real vituperation was reserved between the two Nationalist Parties, who revived some of the heat if not the dramatics of the Parnell Split. The Catholic Church settled the Parnellite Elections. But to-day the Bishops sit sedately on the fence while minor clergy make their appearance in both camps. It may assure Ulstermen to see that the priest has quit politics.

There is a great deal that is alarming in the present situation to Irish Conservatives or Ulster true-blue Imperialists, but I believe that the country would be feeling far more comfortable if the majority of one over all Parties had gone to Cosgrave. It would mean civil war. The Valera Government can claim to have caused a certain peace, though many would like to put the Tacitean interpretation upon the word "Peace." To the optimist and economist the real hope and interest lies in the policy of turning Ireland from a ranching country to one of tillage. This is the natural policy, if Ireland is to support and employ her growing and unemigrating population. This was the policy preached by the late Standish O'Grady the foster-father of the whole literary movement. For years in his unread paper he used to advocate

the Rights of HOMO versus BOS. But it is a policy, which can only be brought about in ten years, and the Valera Government have choked off the cattle owners and dealers too quickly before they have made it tempting to the farmer to grow wheat and rye. When Ireland eats the bread of her own soil, even if it is the healthy black-rye bread, she may recover some of the health and physique, which O'Connell discerned in "the finest Peasantry of the world."

One thing will become apparent and that is that Ireland cannot afford these perpetual General Elections. Sooner or later she will be faced with the necessity of National Government like Italy or England or else of crumbling economically. Valera and Cosgrave will then have their higher patriotism tested, if both are still in politics five or ten years hence. Necessity will deliver a Judgment of Solomon to them and the one whose love of Ireland is greatest will be shown by the extent to

which he can adapt if not adopt the other's constructive policy. The Centre Party will be too unpopular with both to be able to make the bridge.

It is a question of merging all down the line unless Ireland is to become a cockpit and find herself faced by the alternative of Civil War. The pseudo-military campaign of Lord Carson in the past and the burning of great houses during the last war has shown all sides the futility of either arming Minorities or of burning them out. They must be reconciled or bought out. The calmness and cheery indifference of the English Press has not been lost on a populace, who are being slowly convinced that their real enemies lie in the elements of nature and the resistance of soil and wind and rain to the everlasting battle waged by farmer and labourer for Ireland's weal. And the eventual leader and dictator will be the Irish Mussolini who can lead them most surely against the unconquered powers of Nature.

## George Saintsbury

An Appreciation. By Sir Frederick Pollock

OUR last number was already issued when, on Saturday, Jan. 28, we lost in George Saintsbury the last survivor of the staff of this *Review* in its first and golden period, and almost the last of its contributors at that time. An assistant editor may be, according to circumstances, something very like a first lieutenant or something rather like a purser.

Saintsbury was a first lieutenant and an admirable one. His work was done thoroughly and whole-heartedly, without personal ambition and without friction of any kind. It is now all but forty years since the *Saturday Review* was severed from its founder and embarked on a career of varying fortunes. Saintsbury lived to give it a veteran's blessing when, in the early part of last year, the name of Walter Pollock, the editor with whom he last worked, was revived by a son and a nephew in its direction. Henceforth the name of Saintsbury is no small part, and a precious one, of our recovered tradition.

This is not the place to dwell upon Saintsbury's large and varied contributions to English learning and letters. He was a scholar of the robust and sound English type, with an immense store of knowledge and unbounded capacity for whatever work came to his hand. The multifarious allusions that made his writing now and then obscure to less learned readers were not affectation but came to him naturally. Whatever the subject might be, he was constantly himself. The only quality he ever claimed in terms was independence, and it was no vain boast.

It may be not without profit to recall some of the ways in which that independence was manifested. We think of him as first and foremost an English and an Oxford scholar, of a type now seeming old-fashioned. The type had its prejudices. One of them was that Latin was either

classical or post-classical, and all post-classical Latin—say later than Tacitus—must be bad. But Saintsbury was quite a good medievalist, could enjoy Goliardic rhymes, and stood sponsor to Miss Waddell's admirable studies of medieval Latin verse. Then your typical old-fashioned scholar had not much use for modern tongues. It might be a polite accomplishment to know French; one might even have, with more or less grumbling, to tackle German commentators on the classics. But these things were outside the proper domain of scholarship. Now Saintsbury was, for reading purposes at any rate (he professed inability to speak French), a good and more than a good linguist. His command of French literature of all dates was as complete as Jusserand's of English. I fear they never met.

Again, sound and exact scholar as Saintsbury was, he was no slave to authority nor bound by conventional estimates. When our leading Latinists with Munro at their head proclaimed reform of our Anglican Latin pronunciation, Saintsbury would have none of it. Once I had a little friendly controversy with him over this in print, our names not appearing. It was quite friendly, even inclining to chaff, and we both enjoyed it. But this was really nothing out of the way. His one really eccentric heresy was refusal, Dante and Tennyson notwithstanding, to call Virgil a great poet. "All my life I have been a heretic as to Virgil, and have shocked many good men by being so," Saintsbury wrote in his "Second Scrap Book." He would not allow Virgil to be more than an elegant writer, barely equal to Ovid, which, to the present writer at least, is a mystery.

Another attribute of Saintsbury was wholly suitable to the part of an old-fashioned scholar—but the Cellar Book is, as the Aristotelian formula has it, matter for consideration apart.

## Music and Musicians By Herbert Hughes

**I**F you were present at Queen's Hall on Sunday afternoon you might have noticed in the programme notes a curious coincidence of dates. Sibelius's first symphony (which was being performed) was composed in 1899 when the composer was in his thirty-fourth year; in that year was born Francis Poulenc, in his turn now thirty-four, his Concerto for Two Pianofortes being heard for the first time in England. An abyss not so much of years as of ideas and principles and technique lies agape to-day between the Homer of Finland and the little Parisian *gamin*.

M. Poulenc, truly a child of his age and environment, with a musical intelligence no more spacious or imaginative than Mr. Gershwin's, gets away with a gift for amusing and impudent orchestration added to a charming memory for other people's tunes; which two things easily pass for daring and originality. To paraphrase, to misquote, to write a passable alternative are, of course, among the chief pre-requisites of the parodist, and the audience that listened so attentively to the Sibelius work under Beecham's bâton was clearly delighted with The Concerto and recognised the younger man's gift.

### Titan and Liliputian

Sibelius and Poulenc at thirty-four. The Titan and the Liliputian. To-day we hold our Elgar in high esteem; his reputation has not been quick in the making; but not Elgar could have written in 1899—the year before *The Dream of Gerontius*—such an incandescent work as this first symphonic essay of the Finn. Elgar's power in this direction developed later. In England our appreciation of Sibelius grows naturally with proper performances of his work, and this under Sir Thomas Beecham was the kind of thing that makes the analyst look a little silly. One does not want to read anything about Sibelius; one merely wants to listen to his music and to be sure that it is his music. On the other hand, this latest performance of the latest Poulenc (with M. Jacques Fevrier as the composer's ally at the other piano) was about as congruous as a monologue of Mr. Robey at a meeting of the Carnegie Trust.

Add to Sibelius and Poulenc the names of Karol Szymanowski and Vaughan Williams and you have a pretty wide gamut of new or unfamiliar music inside a week. Like those of the Frenchman and the Englishman the new work of Szymanowski was nominally a piano concerto, though according to the writer of the Notes in the Philharmonic programme, the composer "prefers to call this work his Fourth Symphony, with Piano Solo, in F major." Why he should not so call it was not made clear. At the Philharmonic the conductor was Nicolai Malko and the solo pianist Jan Smeterlin, and in the new work the composer

could hardly have had a happier protagonist than his fellow-countryman, Smeterlin, who knows him and his work well.

Yet in spite of such favourable conditions one wondered if this new Concerto (or Symphony) of Szymanowski was not too good to be true. At the beginning one was enchanted by the combination of piano tone (particularly in the higher registers) and the peculiar richness of the orchestration; the music was arresting. But presently the music became so submerged in the orchestration that one could only sit back and congratulate the composer half-heartedly on his industry, and the pianist (who was kept very busy indeed) on his loyalty to his friend. Formalistically it was all clear enough, and one realised that the composer was driving his points home with a finely passionate rhetoric; but the general sensation was not unlike watching and listening to a sound film in which the language and the music are both unfamiliar and blurred.

### Vaughan Williams

A first hearing of Vaughan William's new work at the B.B.C. concert on Wednesday suggests that the composer took a lot of trouble over its composition. He tells us himself that the first two movements (*Toccata and Romanza*) were sketched in 1926 and the third (*Fuga Chromatica*) in 1930. Here he appears in a new character, still profoundly himself, managing the unfamiliar piano medium in a very personal way. It is well within the scope of Miss Harriet Cohen, to whom it is dedicated, but does not really exploit the instrument as a pianist of the calibre of Liszt or Brahms could have exploited it. This in one sense is a pity, as it is so much the less a Concerto. But apart from a dullish stretch of *cadenza* the stuff of the music is always arresting and always distinguished. The composer has shed the once-chronic Gregorian manner and discovers a new ecstasy in toying now and again with atonal ideas.

It is a work that will require knowing, and at present I feel that it needs some lifting out of its too-deep intensity. The *alla Tedesca* style of the Finale suggests an effort to do so, yet if the composer had really ridden away on that 3-4 rhythm we should all have had the surprise of our lives.

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# The Women of Galsworthy

By Anne Armstrong

**G**ALSWORTHY, they say, was first and foremost a man's novelist, not a woman's. I doubt it.

Superficially, of course, the charge is true. It is not simply that the Forsyte Saga is a story about property, because women, even in the last century, did own property. It is that the book goes into minute (and, I believe, accurate) details of the buying and selling of property—leaseholds, contracts and mortgages—and these things were, and still are, done by men in sombre and dusty offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Bedford Row, where deed-boxes accumulate, and conveyances and registers of real estate are tied up in red tape and put away in pigeon holes until the will is read and the legacies distributed.

These necessary and I hope useful activities were and probably still are performed in an Eveless Eden; presumably because a petticoat might disturb the peace of "these presents." But in the Forsyte Saga the masculine flavour of the property markets is carried over from the City to the West End, from the office to the dining room (where women were at least useful as table decorations) and sometimes even to the drawing room, where women definitely ruled their territory bounded by a Persian carpet and an occasional table.

The result is that in the Forsyte Saga the men are inevitably the major and the women the minor key. But that was not so much Galsworthy's fault, if "fault" is the word, as the fault of the late Victorian household, and we can no more have a grievance against Galsworthy because his men overshadow his women than we can blame, say, Conan Doyle for there being so few women in the Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. The fact is that at that time women were merely the accompaniment of serious life, and as Galsworthy chose to write about life as it was actually lived, and left the sloppy love story, that never was on sea or land, severely alone, he was quite right to make his women no more than the incidental music in the great male orchestra of property and business.

But Galsworthy was extraordinarily sensitive to social changes, and in his later books—written when the feminist revolution had begun, and even "quite nice" women did some work for their living—the position was reversed, and his women seemed to me more effective than his men. Property began to matter less, personality to count for more, and here the Forsyte women, so to speak, got their chance to come up and breathe.

The Forsyte Saga—solid, permanent, and thorough like the age and the real estate in which it dealt—was no doubt his greatest work, and it should survive for all time as a picture of an age. But apart from the grand panorama of property, I frankly did not care very much when Irene fell out of love with her solicitor-husband, Soames Forsyte, and in love with her husband's architect. One felt that the solicitor-husband regarded his wife as a species of property ("all my live and

dead stock," as they say in wills) that had been illicitly conveyed; but somehow one felt too that it was just a little Irene's fault that she bulked no larger in the Forsyte scheme of things. (Even in Victorian days women probably mattered as much as they wanted to matter in the more prosperous households; it is a way they have sometimes.)

I do not mean that Irene was not alive—all Galsworthy's characters are alive—but she was just a trifle languid and anaemic, like a lovely flower that drooped a little from neglect, (until the architect came along with his extra-nuptial watering can). Her daughter Fleur, in the Silver Spoon, had far more personality—a creature of flesh and blood who, because she questioned the old Forsyte values and refused to take things for granted (which Irene never did) found out what it was she did not want, and though she did not know quite what she did want, meant to get it somehow in the end—which again Irene never did, for the architect only happened.

The Silver Spoon and the Swan Song were admittedly not such good books as the Forsyte Saga—less solid, a little hasty perhaps, and here and there almost meretricious—but post-war society itself was like that, and here the women were certainly more effective than the men. That is still more true of the last book, Flowering Wilderness, where Dinny, the heroine, is unswervingly loyal and true to her lover, and the lover (who suffered an enforced conversion to another creed east of Suez) was not quite convincing to the other men in the story, and not quite worthy of his woman.

These later women of Galsworthy seem to me more real than some of the characters of Thackeray, and less of caricatures than some of the women in Dickens. Galsworthy divined something of what women are and what they feel, and when the occasion came, as it did in his last book, he was able to put it on the printed page as effectively and as sympathetically as he drew the Man of Property and Old Forsyte's Indian Summer in the Saga itself. The truth is that he understood both men and women. And even this, large assumption as it may be, is an understatement.

It would be more true to say that he divined women with the rod of his genius.

He had his limits. He could, for instance, see both sides of the wall and this sort of vision hinders and impedes. He never attempted the lower classes in his novels (and it is as a novelist that Galsworthy is going to live) and his aristocrats are few and far between. But within those limits he was supreme.

Only Balzac can rival him, and even here the comparison does not quite hold good; for while Balzac had more imagination than Galsworthy, he often descended to the fantastic. Galsworthy never did this. He dealt in fiction, but his fiction, one felt, was truer than fact in lesser hands, because he was a creator and not, as most novelists are, a mere artificer.

## Dean Inge

I like him because . . .

BY ALPHA

HE knows his own mind and would far rather be wrong than change it. In days of misty and shadowy outlines, there is satisfaction in finding opinions clear-cut and uncompromising as the rugged outline of an ancient rock. The Dean stands by the Conservative dogma in all its rigour, and will pay no lip-service to such flimsy abstractions as democracy in the modern sense—no, not though every Conservative politician in the land turns demagogue and does homage to the sovereign Demos.

To a certain extent he shares Mr. Bernard Shaw's amazing cleverness, for he has attained fame by the rather unusual device of saying disagreeable things. Indeed, with a certain amount of erudition and no particular gift of style or expression, he has made the Dean of St. Paul's almost as famous as the far more gifted and far more gloomy Dean of St. Patrick's.

"Everything is going to the dogs" is a cry that always appeals to the middle-aged and old, and though one is not aware that Dean Inge has any particular remedy to suggest for our headlong course towards the kennels, he repeats it with overwhelming conviction and sets us all wallowing in an ecstasy of gloominess. He owes no small debt to the person who coined the phrase, "the gloomy Dean," for a catch-phrase of the kind is almost as safe a passport to success as a nickname. Moreover, gloominess is a singularly un-English quality. Even if we do take our pleasures sadly, we are wont to face the future cheerfully. So we are bound to argue that anyone who sees life through black spectacles must be a person of first-rate distinction, quite out of the common.

Is the Dean as gloomy as he is painted? One fears not. There must surely be an obverse to the frown and severity which in others so often conceal a nature of bubbling gaiety and joy, sternly repressed on principle.

Yet Dean Inge disapproves so thoroughly of the young generation that his dislike of modernity must surely be genuine. All the best people of every generation have disapproved cordially of their successors, and events have proved that they were quite right. There has never been a new generation, since some cross-eyed Fate introduced into commonsense notions of history an idea of progress, which was not convinced that it was far wiser than its fathers and mothers. Experience has proved to it that it was hopelessly wrong. Dean Inge, when he was young, learnt that he was no wiser than his forefathers and frankly—perhaps a little brutally—points out to the youth of our time that, just as he is a bit less wise and a bit less satisfactory than his predecessors, so the youths and maidens of the 20th century are quite a bit more silly and more inefficient than those who gave them birth.

This is probably better for those who are to succeed us than for Dean Inge.

I dislike him because . . .

BY OMEGA

HE was "the Gloomy Dean." His gloom, real or assumed, is nothing to me. Why should it be?—except that, if he really is always gloomy in his own mind, he deserves sympathy. But sympathy is not akin to liking.

"The Gloomy Dean" was a popular phrase attached to the personality of Dr. Inge. It came, I believe, from a particular sermon that he preached and he couldn't help preaching the sermon, which was probably a very good sermon. He couldn't help the invention of the popular phrase. But it is incredible that he could not prevent the translation of himself by the phrase from little known mediocrity to well "boomed" eminence. He need not have become one of the Personages of the Popular Press.

Some have greatness thrust upon them. But not Publicity. The sort of publicity that surrounds Dean Inge is always a matter of achievement. It is the kind of achievement that I dislike, whether a jockey or an Archbishop, a music-hall droll or a great writer is concerned. It is not the kind of achievement or the sort of publicity which assorts at all well with the position of Dean of St. Paul's. For me it debases a high office. I dislike it and therefore I must dislike its protagonist or victim.

I dislike Dean Inge's journalism. Not because it is bad journalism. On the contrary, when he chooses, it is the best journalism—penetrating, if not profound, in learning, courageous in criticism, and disconcerting in the clearness of its thought. I object to it for public and professional reasons. Again I do not think that this regular output of signed articles on every variety of subject accommodates itself to the Deanery of St. Paul's and I dislike the intrusion of a gifted amateur, demanding and obtaining his pound of flesh, into the encumbered and unstipended rank and file of journalists.

I dislike the casuistry of Dean Inge. My mind may be narrow and my fashion of thought elderly, but the ease with which a Dean of St. Paul's ignores the thirty nine Articles shocks me and the "modernity" of his thought staggers me. I have read articles written by Dean Inge in the *Evening Standard*, in which statements were made which seemed to me utterly at variance with any symptom of orthodox Christianity and much more suggestive of a philosophic doubt of God's existence.

No one, save his Bishop, has any concern with Dean Inge's personal views, and an extreme tolerance may be of great value to his fellows. But his public expression, in words written for private gain, of these things is not, I submit, likeable.

If Dean Inge cast off his collar and became a writer, I should still find him arrogant and contemptuous. But I should admire his intellect and enjoy what he wrote.

If he stopped his journalism I should think better of the Dean.

## Unlicensed Thermometers

BY CECIL HERRIES.

I SAT in the chair, and for half a minute the deepest thoughts chased one another through my mind. I could give them no expression, though they yearned for it. My lips were sealed. The clinical thermometer was in my mouth.

After 35 seconds (five extra for luck) the instrument was withdrawn and a lady with a puckered frown was telling me that it was all very strange. Before I could gather my shaken wits or even rehearse to myself the variously fatal diseases from which I might be suffering—not excepting the influenza for which I was being “tested,”—the wretched woman was back again and the muzzle was on my mouth. So I sat in the chair and for a whole minute tremendous ideas, to which expression was forbidden, chased one another through my mind. Again the thermometer was withdrawn and again the puckered frown appeared.

### What I was Told

This time I was told that I ought to go home, that I ought not to drive my car, that I ought to go to bed, and that I ought to take aspirin. I said “Why?” and I was told “Because your temperature is over 101.” So I said “Rats!” and I was told to look at the thermometer. And there it was—101.2 So I began to feel quite ill. But I didn’t really feel ill. And I put off a luncheon engagement and informed my household, and accepted an offer to be driven home. But I felt quite well; and very hungry; and it had been a very good lunch engagement.

So I said “I don’t believe it,” and I took my hat and I walked up the street to the Great Chemist and I said “Will you please take my temperature?” And he said “We don’t do that. But I can sell you a clinical thermometer.” And I said “Damn your thermometers!” But I came back when I had reached the doorway and said “What sort of a thermometer? Will it work? Can a blind man read it?”

### Sub-normal Again

So, for a great price, I purchased this slavery in the shape of a super-tested one minute clinical thermometer, with a great magnified bead of mercury that a child with one eye could see. And I went back and I gave it to the puckered frown. Again I sat in the chair and thought for a whole minute until the muzzle was removed. Immediately it was put back and I was plunged in thought—by now profane—silence for two and a half minutes; an eternity of time.

And my temperature was exactly what it had been at the first time of taking, very much below normal.

So I informed my household, countermanded the chauffeur, resumed the luncheon engagement, and began to feel exceedingly tired, utterly depressed, with a poor circulation and a craving for a strong tonic. And I went to lunch, where I met my Household, and I ate and drank and drank and ate all the very best things, and was feeling very well until I remembered that I was almost dangerously sub-normal. So I went home and my

Household took my temperature, and it laughed rather coldly. And I said “What is it?” And my Household said “Normal.”

Curse your clinical Thermometers and the thermometers that are not clinical and the clinics that are not thermometral. What are the police doing?

## Cosas de España

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

ONE lesson taught by the Republicans after their unexpected seizure of the Spanish government in 1931 is coming home like a boomerang.

The two mutinous officers, Captains Galan and Hernandez, who led the rising in Jaca a few months before the revolution, were shot after a court martial for mutiny and disturbance of the public peace. On the advent of the Republic with Alcala Zamorra’s revolutionary committee as its government, these two men were honoured and glorified as national heroes; statues were erected to them; epitaphs inscribed on marble were put up on the walls of the Cortes alongside those of Spain’s most famous statesmen; and there is now hardly a town in Spain which has not a square or a street named after two mutineers, who broke their oaths to their king and country and turned their guns on their comrades.

### Here Beginneth

It would be too much to expect of human nature, even when educated and cultivated, that it would not learn this lesson so assiduously taught and believe that the breaking of oaths and the destruction of the public peace were not only venial but the path to glory. But when the lesson was taught to an illiterate and ignorant proletariat, it was quickly learnt and the material required was ready to the hand of Moscow to assist in the side-shows of the world revolution, such as the recent half-cock revolt in Spain. The object of the Revolution, by the by, was to set up a “Republica Libertario,” a difficult affair to translate into English, but meaning a republic without any form of government, in which each individual would be free to do what he wished—a sort of Montessori system of a republic. The programme does not say who does the work in a “Republica Libertario.”

But now that they have taught the lesson, the republican government are whipping the pupils for having learnt it and the surprised culprits, who have been unfortunate enough to be caught, find that instead of being national heroes with streets and squares named after them, they are being treated as common criminals.

The impression left on an observer of the recent riots and shootings in Barcelona is that it must have been an expensive game and a disappointing one for Moscow. It looks as if the men hired to distribute and explode the bombs had taken their money and their bombs, kept the former and deposited the latter in the first convenient corner without attempting to explode them. Not one single bomb exploded that night in Barcelona, and several hundreds were collected the next day.



## THEATRE By JOHN POLLOCK

*St. Martin's.* The Green Bay Tree. By Mordaunt Shairp.

"PRAYER and purpose" was what Mr. Owen, the Welsh chapel preacher in Camden Town and true begetter of Daavid Owen, said that his son needed. But Daavid had been adopted and carried off, aged eight, by Mr. Dulcimer, re-baptised Julian, and brought up to a life of exquisite luxury.

Mr. Dulcimer was a hedonist of the true school and very rich. Contrary to what some have suggested, Mr. Mordaunt Shairp's theme contains no hint of perversity: his play is Pater without Wilde. And an uncommonly subtle study he makes of it. Serious, moving, and witty too; there is real drama in the clash between the elder man, brilliant, skillful, selfish, and the younger, brought up to discerning appreciations difficult to turn into coin of the realm. For Julian fell in love in a humdrum enough way, and Mr. Dulcimer threatened to cut off supplies, carefully explaining to Julian his incapacity to earn a livelihood by himself. Turn the case round: imagine clever, lonely Miss Dulcimer having adopted a daughter, then fighting tooth and nail to prevent her marrying a rather ordinary young man. This would be perfectly usual, and the case of Mr. Dulcimer and Julian is really no more abnormal.

Therefore Mr. Shairp makes an error when he imports the Green Bay motive into his play and represents the fiancée and the Welsh hymn-singer yearning to "save" Julian. It leads him to a melodramatic outburst on Mr. Dulcimer's part, avowing that he is a wicked materialist, a thing that no true hedonist could confess or, for the matter of that, be. It further leads to a melodramatic dénouement whereby the true father shoots his adoptive rival, and the balance of an otherwise enthralling play is woefully upset. At the end Mr. Shairp recovers to some extent, but he could have got his end without resorting to this, and the end, Mr. Dulcimer's will and the joys of expensive beauty prevailing, is impaired by the sense of a shattered atmosphere.

Mr. Frank Vosper gives another of his masterly sketches as Mr. Dulcimer. The finish of his acting is an enchantment, the strength of his emotion palpitating. Mr. Mordaunt Shairp has drawn a remarkable character and found its perfect impersonator.

*Globe.* Doctor's Orders. By Louis Verneuil.  
English version by Harry Graham.

"If laughter be the cure for flu' (the words got mixed somehow, said Alice), play on," or rather hasten, all ye prospective patients, to take a course of treatment under orders from Dr. Yvonne Arnaud, assisted by Dr. Maclean-Massey, and laugh the fiend out of you. The drug prescribed is from the well-known laboratory of M. Louis Verneuil, put on to the English market by that very skilful chemist, Captain Harry Graham, and its object in inducing immunity by strengthening the risibility glands is marvellously compassed.

Joy at the Globe is not medical only. It is also geographical. There is a scene at the beginning of Act II where Hélène Lorimer, kidnapped from her rich husband's house at Hampstead and, awaking from a drugged sleep in a strange room—*Une Femme Ravie* is the title of the French play—attempts by ingenious questioning of her gaoler to discover her whereabouts: is she in Cornwall, Scotland, Surrey, Wales? Here M. Verneuil's diversion, never perhaps quite free from a taste of mass production, becomes, in Miss Yvonne Arnaud's hands, a source of high comedy, exquisitely precise and transfused into five minutes worthy almost of Congreve or Molière. Miss Arnaud is an artist from whose gifts criticism rebounds with blunted shaft. Eternal truth is in her smile; the speed of her changing moods is like that of clouds on a sunny spring day scudding before the west wind; the blankness of her innocence is as a child's. The sum of these qualities is a comic spirit of adorable force that, as deployed in "Doctor's Orders," frequently drowns the dialogue by the laughter it evokes.

Fair lady ravished from jealous or doting or stingy lord, and falling in love with her captor: the theme goes back at least to Boccaccio, maybe to Babylon. M. Louis Verneuil has made it into a clever plot, with many nice touches of our daily problems so that we swallow with ease the initial absurdity. Or are the nicer touches due to Captain Graham? So sure is the adapter's hand that, but for the programme, no one could tell "Doctor's Orders" not to be an original play and, if it were, everyone would cry out at its brilliant invention. It is a master-stroke to show how infinitely more galling re-won freedom may prove than captivity, and to produce as the finale a second kidnapping, encouraged, even proposed, by the tiresome husband and carried out by a willing victim. The degree of willingness, chemically compounded with shrinking, in Miss Arnaud, during the moments before Alfred Lorimer virtually throws Hélène into the arms of the kidnapper disguised as a modest doctor, is ineffable: to be believed, her command of nuances must be seen.

Sir Gerald du Maurier has produced "Doctor's Orders" in striking style. As the doctor-gangster, Mr. Raymond Massey might convince us better, probably will do so: modesty should not be overdone even in a disguise. For a counterpoise, Mr. Francis Sullivan adds a remarkable touch of reality to the banal figure of the husband: he has force, breadth, and judgment. I could not count the number of curtain calls, yet maintain that, in a smaller theatre, M. Verneuil's artifice and Miss Arnaud's intoxicating sincerity would have greater effect.

### Entertainments

<p>QUEEN'S THEATRE Every Evening at 8.30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30. BARRY JACKSON presents— "HEAD-ON CRASH" By Laurence Miller GEDRIC HARDWICKE FLORA ROBSON</p>	<p>(Gerrard 4517)</p>
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# 'Ware Wire—or Jump It

I.—Personal Training. By G. R. H. Nugent

THE majority of people contend that the jumping of wire-fences is almost impossible and, in any case, very dangerous, with the result that outside a few first-class riding establishments nobody ever attempts to train his horse over wire. The usual reason for this contention is that the horse cannot see the wire, and that, if by any chance he does see it in time to jump, he will probably hit the wire and turn a somersault on top of his rider.

These arguments are surely unfounded. As there is no doubt that the horse can see other things as clearly as his rider can, there is no reason to suppose that his eyesight will fail when faced with wire. I am convinced that, provided he is not taken too fast at the fence, he can see it perfectly, and that it is his ignorance of the strength of the fence that prevents him jumping it; unless he has been schooled over wire fences the fragile appearance of the wire deceives him into thinking he can go straight through it. Furthermore, a horse will not take a worse toss over wire than over any other fence with a firm top, which is always liable to turn a horse over if he hits it. The theory is sometimes put forward that the elasticity of the wire inevitably causes the horse to turn a somersault, but why this should be so I cannot see, and it has certainly never been my experience in practice. I agree that if a horse strikes a barbed-wire fence his legs will get torn, but the wounds are usually superficial and considerably less serious than the gash inflicted by the sharp stake which one often meets in the ordinary bush fence or stake-and-binder.

## A Sussex Experiment

Until I had tried, I shared this general lack of enthusiasm for jumping wire, which seems to be due to the ignorance of the horse's capabilities and to fear of the consequences of a spill—mostly the latter! The easiest way to overcome these difficulties is by a personal training of a horse over wire, which will show us that the horse can safely jump it and, as it will probably be accompanied by a few falls, that a fall over wire is no worse than one over more usual fences.

A few years ago I was serving with a mounted unit in Sussex and, after two seasons hunting with the local pack, I was driven to try my hand at wire jumping. Our hunt was mostly over enclosed and trappy country wound up with so much wire that I frequently found myself held up by a blank wire-fence and forced to turn back. We also hunted a piece of the Downs which was more like a bird-cage than anything else; the whole place was a net-work of wire fences, and, although some effort had been made to improve the conditions by building an occasional post and rails into the wire, there were nothing like enough to make the country at all passable. Many is the time that I have been held up behind a blank piece of wire, cursing im-

potently, while hounds raced away over the horizon.

Spurred on by these conditions, I surveyed the horses at my disposal with a view to finding the one least likely to break my neck over wire. This may sound as though I had a well-filled stable of blood horses, but actually I only had a row of draught horses who could hardly jump at all, a couple of outriders, and my charger. As the latter went through as many fences as she jumped I ruled her out immediately, and was left with Toby, the best of the outriders, a common hairy on whom I have had several quite good hunts.

## An Uncommon "Hairy"

He was slow as a church, but he looked very carefully at his fences and was so strongly gifted with a sense of self-preservation that I thought I might be fairly safe on his back. Furthermore he liked to jump slowly right off his hocks—he could easily jump most fences out of a walk—and usually cleared anything he attempted with feet to spare. He was not an ideal horse for the job because he needed so much stoking up, which is definitely a hazard when the rider himself is rather nervous of the fence!

I do not think it is much good to have your horse trained for you, because it is probably more important for the rider to be confident over wire than the horse; if you have not schooled him yourself you never really feel that he is capable of jumping it, with the result that you funk it and go round some other way. In any case, if a horse is to be reliable over wire he must be jumped over it regularly or he will forget its deceptive strength, as I have learned to my painful experience. How often we hear that so-and-so has just bought a wonderful new horse who will jump wire or anything, and how seldom we see him jump it!

Although I found the methods that I used to teach Toby, who was the first horse that I ever trained to jump wire, equally successful with other horses that I tried, I have no doubt that there are others equally good. This just happened to be the way which circumstances made most convenient for me. I do not claim that it is infallible, but it should be successful with most safe, free-jumping horses.

[The method is described in Mr. Nugent's next article.—Ed. S.R.]

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

## NEW NOVELS

Reviewed by ANNE ARMSTRONG.

*I'll Tell You Everything.* By J. B. Priestley and Gerald Bullet. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*We'll Shift Our Ground.* By Edmund Blunden and Sylva Norman. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

*Strange Lovers.* By Mrs. Stanley Wrench. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

*The Sheltered Life.* By Ellen Glasgow. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*Façade.* By Theodora Benson. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

**B**UT, Mr. Priestley and Mr. Bullet, you don't. "I'll Tell You Everything," says Mr. Priestley; "So will I," repeats Mr. Bullet; "There is a reason for reading this book," says Heinemann, "to find an answer to the question at this very moment forming in your mind: 'What on earth is it about?'" All this leg-pulling may be in season, but I, an insignificant novel reviewer, prefer to be honest with all the poor deluded folk who read these columns and here is my confession—I have no idea what it is all about; I don't really believe it is about anything at all; and why these two celebrated and clever authors have suddenly decided to "go berserk" leaves me in a fog of indecision.

There is a steel casket; that, at any rate, was quite easy to comprehend, for the same little casket crops up again and again and again. I can imagine Mr. Priestley arguing with Mr. Bullet something after this manner: "Look here, old man," probably said Mr. Priestley, "no-one is going to know why we've done this thing, no-one is going to understand what it is we have done, so do let's have a little casket. It can keep popping up and the reader will feel at home and ride safely home in it." It is no good my trying to tell you what happened in and out and through the casket, but if you do read the book and you do find out what it's all about and you would kindly let me know on a postcard (I will stamp it this end) I shall be so grateful.

These collaborations seem to have come in with the 'flu. At any rate there is another on my list. Mr. Edmund Blunden and Miss Sylva Norman must have been dining at the next table when the two brilliant collaborators of "I'll Tell You Everything" were discussing their plans and the result is "We'll Shift Our Ground." They couldn't very well copy the idea of the casket and so the whole thing is a little cold—a little flat. Two people go travelling. And they go on travelling and talking (and so cleverly and so brilliantly) and talking and travelling till I almost wished they had been brave enough to introduce a casket—even if it had only been a very little one. France and French ways and French habits and French this and that are here because all the travelling bits take place on the other side of the water. Duncan meets Chloe and Chloe meets Duncan and then they both move on to another little Road-house—I beg your pardon, estaminet—they shifted their ground till I got so tired I had to stop reading any more. But, alackaday, there was no casket.

Mrs. Stanley Wrench, on the other hand, dis-

cussed the whole thing very seriously with herself before writing "Strange Lovers." "With all these clever collaborations going on," she said, "I'm going to be original and I'm going to write a perfectly ordinary novel for perfectly ordinary people." Bravo, Mrs. Wrench, and perhaps these brilliant collaborations will one day go out of fashion and we shall return to ordinary fare for ordinary readers.

It is the story of one, Rose Muller, who suddenly discovers that her Mother is not all she should be. The knowledge, coupled with a malignant growth, is slowly killing her father, and the unhappy Rose is thus driven into the arms of her Yiddish lover. The happiest thing, one gathers, that could happen to her. It is well worked out and Rose Muller is a very real and personable creature before we reluctantly leave her to obscurity and Mrs. Wrench.

To those of us who are too young to remember the spacious days before the War, a tale dealing with the early days of the twentieth century is apt to be a little unreal; too near us to be thought of as history, and too far from us to be personally remembered and understood. But the author of "The Sheltered Life" has taken her fences well and bravely and with a sure touch and a serene understanding her characters bustle about as though they were living to-day.

Jenny Blair, despite the sheltered life of her period, despite the protection that was hers, was not saved from her own character, nor others from the results of her actions.

It may have been this very sheltering that sowed the seeds of the tragedy which ends the story, for as Jenny grew to womanhood in a Virginian town she, being neither very good nor very bad, weak or very strong, and in common with youth the whole world over, heedless, came to grief and cried "Oh, Grandfather, I didn't mean anything . . . I didn't mean anything in the world."

There are those who would save the youth of all the ages from a similar tragedy—but then youth would not be youth and the world would be greyer and sadder by far than it is.

Miss Glasgow's book is an interesting and a gracious one.

Miss Benson's idea of showing her characters "en Façade" and then to allow us behind the scenes of their thoughts was a clever one. Unfortunately the second half of her book was entirely unnecessary—the first half trampling on it by its very excellence. Miss Benson has, this time, underrated the intelligence of the great amorphous public, and to rewrite a novel *in toto* because some of her readers may not have realised what her characters were thinking strikes me as a little unnecessary.

But the first half could not be bettered. All Miss Benson's charm and sympathy are here and the number of her characters, though perhaps all tarred a little too much with the same brush, is an inspiring one.

Phillipa is rather too slight and negligible for a heroine, and Tony's character is twisted to suit Miss Benson's convenience. He starts off as a sahib and ends up by dopping a horse at Newmarket.



Miss Benson's charm has made her young people wholly possible where a heavier-handed novelist would merely have disgusted, and her sympathy has made it possible to read of tragedy and yet not to come away with thoughts of "what a sad book—don't read it unless you want a good cry, my dear."

To write restrainedly about big emotions without exaggerated tears or with hiccupping laughter has lately rather gone out of fashion—another reason why you should read "Façade."

#### NINE DAY WONDERS

*Victorian Sensations.* By Horace Wyndham. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

**M**R. Horace Wyndham has a sort of genius for uncovering from the records of the past what will excite and interest the present; he has a literary style in narrative that is clear, logical, and good; he adds to this the sense of humour and the grace of wit. Thus he gives us in "Victorian Sensations" a most readable book, never dull and only stupid with the stupidity of events and the course of events in their own day and hour.

Take, for instance, the case of Colonel Valentine Baker, the gallant and brilliant soldier who was broken and, after famous and successful service with the Turkish army, refused further employment with the forces of his own country. Colonel Baker, at the height of his career, was convicted of indecent assault on an unquestionable lady in a first-class carriage of an Aldershot train. It seems that, by her own showing, what he did was to get into conversation with her, sit next her, and kiss her (perhaps with the passionate intent which drew long moral and legal homilies from the Bench) against her will. Supposing that he did—and reprehensible as such a kiss always must be—what modern young woman would not deal adequately with unwanted love-making without an attack of hysteria and the ruin of a valuable career?

Thus do manners change with a general outlook on life and thus are we to-day able to see the stupidity of our forefathers—without seeing the equal stupidities which we have substituted for it. Much the same stupidity is revealed in the more notorious case of William Stead, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the "Maiden Tribute." But here the stupidities are more evenly shared. If the public clamour was nauseous and the condemnation of Stead not less ridiculous than his martyrdom—after all, he did get an alteration in the age of consent—the idiocy of Stead in the course he followed and in the persons on whom he relied was obvious, while the commercial value of his journalistic "stunt" was so evident as to throw large doubts on his sincerity.

As for Adah Menken, of "Mazeppa" fame, she was less of a sensation than a syren, for no single act brought her the notoriety which depended on her physical attraction and her liaisons with famous men of letters, including Dumas in Paris and Swinburne in London. Few took her seriously as an actress, none—not even Swinburne—as a poet, and if she had not been a born and brilliant courtesan, she, Mazeppa, and the black mare, would long ago have been forgotten completely.

There were, of course, other Victorian sensations equally world-shaking—the Osborne pearls case, the Tranby Croft affair, the Ardlamont mystery, the Oscar Wilde case, and several others. But Mr. Wyndham had to select and he has selected very well. His book could not have been better done. Read it and see.

#### GREAT LIVES

*Great Lives.* Shakespeare. By John Drinkwater. Queen Victoria. By Arthur Ponsonby. Wagner. By W. J. Turner. John Wesley. By Bonamy Dobrée. Joshua Reynolds. By J. Steegmann. Cecil Rhodes. By J. G. Lockhart. Duckworth. 2s. each volume.

**T**HE series of short biographies which opens with these six admirable volumes should command support; for they provide in a convenient form a brief, but well-reasoned and eminently sane, summary of the lives of famous men. It should go on the same shelves as Dent's Everyman's Library of English Classics.

Mr. Drinkwater's "Shakespeare" is a model of what such works should be, concise, straightforward and packed with common-sense and sound appreciation. His chapter on "Who was Shakespeare" would surely end the controversy once and for all, if those who indulge in theory and cyphers had the gift to understand reason.

Lord Ponsonby's sketch of Queen Victoria may be summed up in its concluding sentence; "for over sixty years she fulfilled the difficult and exacting duties of a Queen with simple, natural, yet incomparable skill."

Mr. Turner brings out skilfully the paradox of Wagner's life and success. "It might truthfully be said, I believe, that Wagner was the most completely successful man who has ever lived." Yet that success had its limitations which we are beginning to realise to-day.

There is the reality of the visible world and there is the reality of the invisible world, and in the greatest works of art there is always a passage from one to the other. In Wagner there is only a static reality, the reality of the set stage and the puppet who has no connection with any visible reality. . . . So we, in the twentieth century, are witnessing the gorgeous fabric of Wagner's music gradually crumbling into the dust.

Men of action driven to a strange fate by a fiery will, John Wesley and Cecil Rhodes, afford ideal subjects for the biographer. Mr. Dobrée tells the astounding tale of Wesley's life with a delicate combination of sympathy and malice: he has not forgotten even the presentation to the hundreds who attended Wesley's funeral of "an effigy arrayed in canonicals, adorned with a halo and a crown, the whole beautifully stamped on a biscuit." Cecil Rhodes appears in Mr. J. G. Lockhart's pages not only as the inspired Empire-builder, but also as a very human person in whom failings and attractive qualities produced a curious balance.

The story of Sir Joshua Reynolds is clearly told by Mr. Steegmann, whose estimate of the man and his work is as detached and deliberate as the life of the great painter who "reached greatness deliberately."

## Some New Poetry

*Poems.* By Stephen Spender. Faber & Faber. 5s. net.

*The Writers' Club Anthology.* Edited by Margaret L. Woods. Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.

*The Collected Poems of Herbert Palmer.* Benn. 10s. 6d. net.

*Poems.* By L. Aaronson. Gollancz. 6s. net.

*The Eaten Heart.* By Richard Aldington. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.

*Known Signatures.* Edited by John Gawsworth. Rich and Cowan. 5s. net.

THE harvest of poetry last year—in spite of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Auden—proved a rather barren one; but this was undoubtedly the result of a natural timidity on the part of publishers rather than any lack of creative achievement on the part of our poets, and the New Year has opened with decided promise. Among the first to demand attention is Mr. Stephen Spender—a poet of rare quality—one who combines a deep reverence for tradition with genuine creative originality. The element of disillusionment which makes or mars so much in contemporary poetry is here, as when he says:

What I expected was  
Thunder, fighting,  
Long struggles with men  
And climbing.  
After continual straining  
I should grow strong;  
The rocks would shake  
And I should rest long.  
What I had not foreseen  
Was the gradual day  
Weakening the will  
Leaking the brightness away,  
The lack of good to touch  
The fading of body and soul  
Like smoke before wind  
Corrupt, unsubstantial.

but it is the heroic disillusionment of the ardent thinker and lover—not the mere venting of spleen that so often mars a first book of poems. There is very much in this book that is beautiful and true; and Mr. Spender sometimes gives the impression of reserves of strength which have not spent themselves here.

Of "The Writers' Club Anthology" there remains little to be said that has not been said about anthologies from their beginning; and Heaven knows when that was! Unless there is an element of permanence about an anthology it is impossible to understand why it was ever compiled; but here I look for such an element in vain. There is scarcely a distinguished poem in the whole volume; and, after the sense of vision and vitality so remarkably exemplified by Mr. Stephen Spender's poetry, I was left by it with a sense of betrayal. Mr. Herbert Palmer's collected poems, however, soon revived me. Here is a poet who, despite certain and even long lapses, has achieved much that is of a high order. It is certainly time that he put his best work into a book of these dimensions; and, if the worst gets in with it, we must just be patient with one whose best is so very good.

Mr. Aaronson is a poet who has suffered some undeserved neglect. His first book of poems, which appeared about three years ago, came and went almost without notice. The fault is not entirely with his readers. There is an element of strain about his technique which occasionally comes off but which is too often pressed to a degree that irritates. Nevertheless there are some poems in his new book—"The Living Air," "Before a Wayside Shrine of the Virgin," and "The Moment of Doubt," for instance, which are far above the average. It will be a real pity if Mr. Aaronson's new book falls into oblivion like his first, because there are in it moments of great beauty and insight.

It was interesting to turn from the mysticism of this new poet to the sophisticated sensuousness of Mr. Aldington; but why has Mr. Richard Aldington such a passion for sentences without predicates? Those who love the English language—and Mr. Aldington must be one of them—generally find this little blemish sufficiently irritating to avoid it. One would miss the alternating blasts of anger and tenderness if they did not reappear in this book; but blasts have an unfortunate habit of degenerating into gustiness—a fault that is particularly out of place in a book of poetry; and Mr. Aldington's rather chopped-up thought only enhances the effect. However, such lines as:

Great deeds were wrought by the King, my father,  
but the passion in a woman's blood  
swept him moaning to the grave  
no man has shed blood for my sake.

I armed my brother's hand  
but shrank and trembled and wept  
when the sword pierced her womb,  
the woman men loved.

It was I who killed her;  
who but a woman could have hated her so much?  
Cold, cold, and an end to her hot loves

have in them the fire of great poetry. Something of this fire plays in other parts of the book; and only smoulders into ashes when Mr. Richard Aldington forgets that he is a poet, nods, and lets thoughts tumble through his book in thin, dejected lines.

A little discrimination and readaptation of material would save Mr. Aldington his few pitfalls—for there can be no doubt that some of his thought is well served by a rather disjointed type of verse—though I cannot believe that even here he need be ungrammatical! "Known Signatures" is an anthology in which the form and content of the poems harmonise to better purpose. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the book is the fact that the bulk of it seems to have been formed from authors' MSS.; and not compiled out of published books. It therefore possesses the same type of value as Mr. Thomas Moul's annual compilation of poems from periodicals. If these books may be regarded as the heralds of the New Year harvest—and Mr. Spender and Mr. Aaronson as its first-fruits—we should have, the climate being suitable, the best that we have had since the years of the War.

ASHLEY SAMPSON.

### IS MONEY TO BLAME?

*Stable Money.* By Robert Eisler, PH.D. Search Publishing Co. 15s. net.

IT is the privilege of the so-called "modern" economist to launch a violent attack on everything that has gone before in order to make secure the foundations of whatever strange plan he is about to expound for our economic rehabilitation. The more violent the attack, the more weird is the impending theory. Dr. Eisler's attack is very violent. He begins by attacking Adam Smith and, after Ricardo has received his share of punishment, the full force of Dr. Eisler's indignation is directed at Mr. Montagu Norman whom Dr. Eisler evidently regards as hardly human. Even the high officials of the Treasury and the humble financial journalist do not escape Dr. Eisler's wrath. Financial journalists are suspected of writing entirely in their own personal interests and as members of the rentier class "are as convinced anti-inflationists as the chief of the Treasury" whom Dr. Eisler seems to regard as the head of a kind of a Civil Service Trade Union.

Amid this atmosphere of suspicion Dr. Eisler produces his "plan," his remedy for the world economic crisis. Briefly, and as far as we understand it, the "plan" is this. Monetary policy having been entirely responsible for our troubles, the evils of inflation and deflation are to be avoided by evolving new world currencies stabilised by means of index-numbers of retail prices, rents, taxes, etc. First the exchanges are to be "pegged," which would require considerably more international financial co-operation than is at present evident, in order to preserve the international balance of trade.

Then the £ would have two functions, as also would the dollar and other internal currencies, that of a medium of exchange and that of a means of accumulating capital (deferred purchasing-power). Legal tender money would be called the £ *cr.* or the \$ *cr.*, and bank money or contract money would be called *banco*, so that we should have the £ *bo.* and the \$ *bo.*! Only small cash transactions would involve the use of current money which would fluctuate in value according to the new commodity, etc., index to be published each Sunday by the Board of Trade. Cheques and larger payments made by promissory notes would be in money *banco*. When this latter class of money is withdrawn from a banking account to make current payments it becomes subject to the fluctuations of the index. Conversion tables would be kept by each shopkeeper in order to determine the price of his goods for cash according to the index but we fear that our shopkeepers' mathematics would fall short of these exacting requirements.

The author of this terrible plan indignantly admits that Professor Cannan, the eminent London University economist, has described it as a "nightmare." Though Professor Cannan is one of the much-despised "sound-money men" we cannot help sharing his opinion. We feel that the destructive portion of Dr. Eisler's book is more valuable than the constructive, as in the case of most "modern" economists, and even then justice has hardly been done to those who built up the

financial structure which the War destroyed. We hold no brief for the post-War deflationist policy which has proved so disastrous, but one can imagine that it might have achieved more success had it not been for the purely political forces outside its control. Dr. Eisler largely ignores the political factor.

If the politicians give it a chance, our economic system will still triumph over circumstances. Though Lombard St. will value Dr. Eisler's well-informed opinion, it is not yet sufficiently desperate to adopt such quack remedies as Dr. Eisler advises for the restoration of world economic health. One cannot help feeling that on this point the British public would find itself, for once, in strange agreement with Lombard St.

### THE NATURE OF THE EAST

*The Underworld of India.* By Sir George MacMunn. Jarrolds, 12s. 6d. net.

WHOEVER wants to gain understanding of India—and who in these days does not?—must read this admirable work by the distinguished soldier who ended his active career as Quarter-Master General in India. General Sir George MacMunn first formed acquaintance with his subject in 1892, so that it may be said with truth that he writes out of a lifetime of knowledge. Yet opportunity for gaining knowledge is perhaps the least of his qualifications for imparting it to us, and the breadth of his observation is less astonishing than his brilliance, his deep comprehension of mysterious and complex problems, and his unforced skill in presenting them to the reader.

The information collected in "The Underworld of India" is of such importance as to warrant a more solid title. This is in reality a book to be set beside "Mother India" for the light it sheds on dark places in the sub-continent that modern democracy is engaged in mishandling. Sir George MacMunn deals little in directly political conclusions, but his evidence on the religions and superstitions of India, the position of women, outcaste races and depressed classes, the maniac cult of Kali, hideous goddess of death, and of Bengali murder gangs, is decisive against ignorant ideologists who are doing their best to destroy the peace of eighty years in India.

Sir George MacMunn tells how a nameless Viceroy "woke up while visiting in Government House at Lahore, to find a shade standing by his bedside gazing sadly at him. "Who are you?" demanded the Governor-General.

"I am John Lawrence, originally of the Punjab. Who are you?"

"I am . . . Viceroy of India."

"Ah," said the shade musingly. "Ah! I remember. The man who saved himself and lost India."

"The Underworld of India" is a book to be read for the best of reasons: it tells the truth. But it must also be read as relating an amazing number of curious and entertaining and delightful facts, mixed with others that are hideous, haunting, and obscene. Sir George MacMunn has tackled an immense task, with huge success.



**SPOOKERY AND CROOKERY**

*Houdini and Conan Doyle.* By Ernst and Carrington. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

*Spook Crooks.* By Proskaner. Selwyn & Blount. 12s. 6d.

**M**R ERNST was Houdini's lawyer: his book by its arrangement and the publication of letters between Houdini and Conan Doyle over years, from acquaintance to friendship intimacy and then the rift over a disputed séance, sets out to throw into relief the sceptic and believer. Is Spiritualism all fraud? Houdini, uneducated and yet better informed in magic than any before or since, or Doyle with his bias against outside investigation by judicial minds. So keen was he to protect his child, the truth, against unfair attack that he overlooked its weakness due to spiritualists' own trickery. Both were egoists as great men often are. Both *knew*: others might just think. Mr. Ernst allows Houdini to have been intellectually dishonest with himself. Yet Houdini agreed that some happenings were beyond human explanation: if that is so, it destroys Mr. Ernst's assumption that Houdini knew his own profession was destroyed if one medium was found honest. Probably majority opinion concurs with Houdini. Like private inquiry agents, mediums paid by results produce the goods—somehow.

"Spook Crooks" makes mirthful reading mingled with disgust at financial roguery and its trail of misery. It costs U.S.A. as much as we pay in war-debt! England is pretty free of the medium shark. Here tables have secret springs and lights: luminous paint is everywhere: electric fans, telephones, dictaphones abound: maidens daub themselves with camphor as of old to resist fire-worshippers in Ohio; and as in London, the 4-inch rod in a darkened séance stretches to 10 feet to dangle trumpets and articles in mid-air.

*Culinary Herbs and Condiments.* By M. Grieve. Heinemann. 5s.

In this crazy age when herbs and most of the other fruits of the earth appear to have been born either dried or in bottles or in tins, this book may be cheerfully recommended both to those who have gardens and to those who in the town remember that all really good things and flavours are produced by Nature. It is pleasant to read the author's brave suggestion that "the Muscatel grape-like flavour of some wines of the Rhine is (or suspected to be) due to the secret use of Angelica." Surely everyone who has drunk elder-flower wine knows that the adulterant comes from the elder—and its berries have caused more than one scandal in the matter of port.

It is churlish to criticise a single point in a book which if only it is widely read should add a whole dictionary to our modern notions of English herbs. The reviewer has not tried Burdock Ale, Horehound Beer or Comfrey Wine, but he knows that Parsnip wine and Elderberry wine can be excellent restoratives.

*The Psychological Teaching of St. Augustine.* By James Morgan, D.D. Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.

**S**T. AUGUSTINE will always rank as one of the greatest human minds and Dr. Morgan's attempt to express his theory of psychology is stimulating and suggestive. The Saint's insight is at times almost prophetic, as for instance when he hints at the existence of the Subconscious some fifteen hundred years before Freud. Whither he might not have travelled, if he had known Greek more thoroughly and had not been beset by problems of theology and dogma, it is hard to say. The Church gained a Father and the world lost a philosopher.

*As Shadows Lengthen.* By R. W. Mackenna. Murray. 5s.

Sir John Murray, in an introduction to this book of essays by the late Dr. Mackenna, speaks of the author as a man "of abounding humanity, deepest sympathy and equally deep religious conviction . . ." These characteristics are clearly evident in his essays, and the deep and strangely comforting philosophy with which Dr. Mackenna illumines his wide range of subjects is indicative of a sincere and reasoned mind.

Dr. Mackenna's writings have been widely appreciated for some years, and this final collection forms a fitting memorial to a man who brought comfort into a great many lives.

*It pays a bank to be used by its customers, though many of its services cost the customer nothing*

It is the Westminster Bank's policy to popularize its services by issuing simply worded accounts of various ways in which it is glad to be used. These bright covered little leaflets are conspicuous in any branch of the Bank, and may be taken freely. They already comprise '39 Advantages of an Account', 'Points before Travelling', 'Securities', 'The Saving Habit', 'Wills', 'Income Tax', and others

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## FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

*Air Mail.* Directed by John Ford. Dominion.

*Evenings for Sale.* Directed by Stuart Walker. Plaza.

*Central Park.* Directed by John Adolphi. New Gallery.

THOSE who are nervous about travelling in an aeroplane should come out of "Air Mail," the new picture at the Dominion, more than ever convinced that the Almighty intended the human race to do nothing but walk on its flat feet. In spite, however, of "death's pale flag being advanced" at regular intervals, the dramatic qualities of the film are somewhat feeble because the motives are undeveloped.

I am not one of those people who want to see virtue everlastingly triumphant, neither do I think it very beneficial for everyone else to be lulled into a sense of security by the constant repetition of the theme, for sooner or later the revelation comes to most people that the dream may be first class, but the hard facts pass with honours. "Air Mail" has a fine villain (Pat O'Brien); he is an unpleasant, boasting bounder who covets his fellow-pilot's wife (Lilian Bond). She is somewhat apprehensive of her husband's revolver, but "the gat" doesn't matter any longer when her husband and his aeroplane conveniently hit a high tension wire.

Away go the villain and the wife, though not with enough of that unholy glee for which I hoped, and then, because the chief pilot (Ralph Bellamy) crashes his "bus" in a seemingly inaccessible spot, the villain leaves his comfortable sitting room to rescue him. That decent action wouldn't have been so disappointing if the villain had lived to continue playing gramophone records and drinking gin out of medicine bottles with his late fellow pilot's wife, but the picture draws to a hazy conclusion which leaves one in considerable doubt whether he gets any earthly reward for his wickedness or merely acquires a halo. Four aeroplane crashes, nevertheless, may be sufficiently entertaining, and perhaps the rest doesn't matter—much.

It is difficult to know where to place "Central Park," which goes to the New Gallery. One half of it is an extravaganza wherein a lion escapes from the Zoo and runs farcically amok in a restaurant, the other half of it is a crook drama in which Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford, two "down and outs," get landed into a swindle by a gang of thieves. The two halves never meet and, though the sensation of seeing two separate pictures at once has its exciting points, coherency is not one of them.

Snobbery dies hard and that it is still very much alive in America is plain from the new film at the Plaza. "Evenings for Sale" stars our own Herbert Marshall as a bankrupt Hungarian Count who becomes a "gigolo." Steering an uneasy course between an old woman and a young one, he manages to get the former's money and the latter's hand; the women share the title between them.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Problem of Unemployment

SIR,—What has been done and what has failed to be done in this village may be of interest to your readers. We are in the coal mining area and consequently experiencing exceptional unemployment, the number of our men out of work running up close on 80 and that, too, for a comparatively small village.

Like so many others, we have done what we can and entirely, if I may use the expression, "off our own bat." We have an allotment scheme for the unemployed, and by dint of private subscriptions, gifts of materials, etc., we have fitted up and started an "occupation centre" for the unemployed where they can do rough household carpentry, boot repairing, etc. The labour employed in fitting up this centre was the voluntary labour of the unemployed.

This, Sir, is what we have done, but there remains what has failed to be done. With a view to finding work during the winter months for some small portion of the men now unemployed, we have been endeavouring to start some sort of "utility work" and take on five, ten, or fifteen men at full wages and to raise the sum required by a weekly canvass. Unfortunately, we are not over-blessed with worldly goods, and the task is no easy one owing to the "non-possumus" attitude of the Public Assistance Department. If they would continue the payment of the dole or benefit, we might be able to raise the balance required to make up a man's full wages, but the attitude of the Department appears to be one of "find all or none, we can't help you."

From the State's point of view as a tax collector and revenue spender, we all recognise that financially it costs less to keep a man idle than to find him work. But surely, Sir, this unemployment problem is not to be summed up in mere £s.d. It has its moral side as well.

There appears to be a spirit abroad in the land, a spirit of brotherhood and the will to help. It seems sad and a short-sighted policy that this spirit, this will to help, should receive no encouragement.

If we could have carried out our project, some £8 to £10 a week more would have been available for the purchase in the village of commodities. In itself a trifle, but multiply this by the thousands of villages and the hundreds of towns throughout the country and who can say what the benefit to trade generally will be. It may well give that impetus needed to set the ball rolling, may bring in its train the feeling of confidence so wanting at the present moment and, if nothing more, the demand for commodities created by this extra spending capacity of the men brought in to work must of itself create a demand for labour and tend to help in the reduction of the numbers of the unemployed.

Timsbury, Somerset.

H. T. KEMP.

### Corporal Punishment in Education

SIR,—I am not among those who consider that a great deal of nonsense is talked about corporal punishment as a factor in education. As one who has been a preparatory schoolmaster and a student of psychology for some years, I am convinced that there is much to be said about the subject on both sides; and am increasingly aware that dogmatism upon this subject generally means that the dogmatist has left out some of the questions involved. Dogmatism here is dangerous.

To show how easy it is to draw hasty conclusions from quite reasonable premises, may I quote one or two examples? It is commonly assumed by apologists for corporal punishment that it acts as a deterrent to the sufferer and as a warning to others; but I cannot agree that these questions can be settled apart from the justifiability of corporal punishment in itself. What I mean is that it would not be right to cane a boy merely as a deterrent—still less to cane him simply as a warning to others—so that the appeal of warning is ruled out if corporal punishment is unjustifiable in itself; and we are therefore left exactly where we were!

One other argument in favour of corporal punishment will not, I think, bear investigation; and that is the very

(Continued on page 127)

## CITY.—By OUR CITY EDITOR.

*Lombard Street, Thursday.*

**W**HATEVER the views of the currency experts, the City has not even tried to accustom itself to the idea of a complete and lasting divorce from gold as the basis of the country's credit. The speeches of the Chairman of the big banks have revealed this fact as clearly as the boom in South African gold shares has shown that speculators, not only in this country, but abroad, are prepared to gamble on the maintenance of a gold standard by the chief financial centres of the world. It is the proud, if somewhat unenviable, task of Mr. F. C. Goodenough, Chairman of Barclays Bank, to embark upon the series of summaries of conditions and prospects for world trade which bank shareholders have come to expect at the annual meetings, and Mr. Goodenough took the opportunity to make clear his views with regard to War Debt payments. While he was in agreement with the necessity for making the payment in December last, he certainly expressed the general view in City circles in advocating no further payment pending a final settlement. The Chairman of Barclays Bank took a grave view of the problems of the United States as the chief creditor nation and her failure to adjust her economic policy to conditions. Mr. Goodenough's view was more than endorsed by Sir Harry Goschen at the National Provincial Bank meeting.

### Mr. McKenna's Views

Mr. Reginald McKenna, Chairman of the Midland Bank, might have been excused had he said in effect "I told you so," for the Midland Chairman had always been an opponent of Britain's return to gold and of the post-war deflationary policy generally. He could not resist showing that since the fateful September 21, 1931 when Britain abandoned the gold standard, sterling prices had remained more stable than had gold prices, for gold has further appreciated in terms of commodities. Mr. McKenna denied that this movement was in any way due to sterling's divorce from gold, a theory which has gained popularity abroad, and showed that a rise in sterling prices tends to strengthen prices even in the gold standard area. Mr. McKenna went on to advocate "controlled inflation" mentioning the enormous rise in bank deposits. The Midland Bank's deposits were no less than £59,000,000 up on the year, and all the "Big Five" have experienced similar increases in the total of deposits, the Westminster, which maintained its 18 per cent. dividend for the year, now having deposits of nearly £300,000,000, a rise of £26,000,000 compared with 1931. Surely the effects of "reflation" would by now have become apparent if international trade were allowed to make its own adjustments.

### The Kaffir Boom

The further purchase of nearly £3,000,000 in gold by the Bank of England has done more than contribute to the firmness of the gilt-edged market; it has proved reassuring to those who possessed qualms as to the future market for the metal in view of the abandonment of the gold standard by so many of its former adherents. The departure of South Africa from gold has resulted in an adjustment of share prices by the Cape, to make allowance for the new gold premium which will accrue to the mines, to an extent sufficient to constitute a "boom" on the London market.

The effect of the Union's abandonment of the gold standard has been to render payable many low-grade properties and even now it is not possible to calculate by any means correctly the exact effect on profits. It is estimated in the market that the profits of the low-graders will be in some cases doubled or trebled and it is to be hoped for the sake of some adventurous holders that these estimates are correctly based for the prices of the shares have more than "doubled or trebled." Robinson Deep "B" have been over 27s. or three times their price prior to Britain's departure from the gold standard in September 1931. East and West Rand have more than doubled their prices as compared with September 1931 and West Springs have been over 30s. They were 12s. in September 1931.

The first batch of monthly profit figures issued by the mines on the basis of a £6 per ounce price for gold showed even greater rises in profits than had been expected, the profit for January being anything from twice to six times the average monthly profits of last year. The effect on a "bull" market was to intensify buying activity and completely to swamp for the time being any fears which might have arisen from the still strained political situation in the Union.

### Electricity Stocks

Electricity stocks have proved so popular with the public that a straightforward prospectus offer of a new stock is quite sure. London Power 4 per cent. debentures were placed little more than a week ago at 101½ and they already stand at 3 points above this price. The stock is dated 1952/72 and the yield at 104½ is only £3 16s. 6d. per cent. The price is, however, free of stamp. London and Home Counties Fives at 115 yield £4 7s. 1d. per cent. and a Five per cent. yield is obtainable on West Gloster 5½ per cent. stock the price of which is 110. Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Staffs Electric Power 5 per cents. can be bought at 113½ free of stamp to return about £4 8s. per cent. About £1,000 of this company's preference shares were also on offer this week at just over 27s. The shares are Six per cents and give a yield of nearly £4 9s., only a trifle more than the debentures.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 125)

common plea that there are some boys who do not feel anything except through their skin. Now frankly I do not think that such a boy exists; but, if he does, I would remind those who employ this argument that our schools are educational institutions, and that they should aim at educating a boy out of mere animalism; and so teach him to mind other forms of punishment.

3, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7. ASHLEY SAMPSON.

## A Debt Suggestion

SIR,—In considering plans for the extinction of our war debt to America we must not overlook the one put forward, a few years ago, by the Scripps-Howard group of newspapers: that the British Government should acquire from the present holders and tender in payment the bonds of the repudiated State loans.

They would be easy enough to acquire; and it is hard to see how the Federal Government of the United States could refuse to accept as the equivalent of cash its own States' promises to pay cash.

The nominal value of the bonds now in British hands is estimated in a recent American State Paper at about £20,000,000. The interest has been in arrears for various periods ranging from seventy to one hundred years.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

68, West Kensington Mansions, W.14.

## Examination Worship

SIR,—In the school where I am at present, as at nearly every other in England, those of us who have any idea of adopting a career are obliged to struggle practically from the third form onwards under the burden of London Matric. The necessity of covering the required syllabus naturally restricts the wider general education we should otherwise receive; irrespective of whether our interests are Classical or Scientific we must hammer away at the same old facts, knowing all the time that half of them will be utterly useless to us in after life.

To anyone having, like myself, Classical leanings, many of the maths. contained in the Matric syllabus are a complete waste of time. Other people are genuinely hopeless at languages, while they may be able to manipulate figures, to say nothing of x's and y's, to the blank mystification of their fellow students—I speak from experience! Why should the promising Classical scholar be handicapped because he or she is an incurable dunce at Sciences? And is it not equally unfair for the brilliant mathematician to be obliged to expend hours of effort that may even then result in failure in the writing of English essays? It would probably benefit her much more to practise the wording of concise business letters.

I cannot imagine why any one subject should be necessary for the holding of a Certificate. A general Certificate tells you nothing about the holder; surely it would be of much more practical use to issue a separate one for each subject. The candidate would then not have to worry to such an extent about her obviously impossible subjects, of which she has, presumably, a fair grounding from the lower forms; she could instead concentrate on those likely afterwards to be useful to her. Under this plan the pupil of Lincoln High School who, in spite of five credits, was debarred from holding a Certificate because she could not do a certain subject, would have five different Certificates indicating her particular abilities, instead of no result at all to show for three years' hard work.

Tortington Park School, Arundel.

S. PALMER.

SIR,—Mr. Trevaskis is scarcely fair, I feel, either to myself or to the Public School. My knowledge of the Public School of the present moment is only too intimate. Are Exams. merely taken to benefit the School? Is the Public School going to become the Publicity School? If so, the sooner the present system of education ends the better.

As for games, the statement that "they are the only part of the curriculum taken really seriously" is a misstatement, in fact Mr. Trevaskis contradicts himself. How

can the Public School gain its Publicity in exams., if the work is not taken seriously? Would the Headmaster have minded the boy whom I mentioned in my letter taking the exam. if he had not regarded the whole thing as serious?

ALAN AXEMINSTER.

Scarborough.

## A Maximum Rate?

SIR,—I am glad to see that you have admitted to your influential columns the subject of rates which are really a menace to the peace and happiness of tens of thousands of most respectable but poor people with inelastic incomes. No honest person would contract a debt with a tradesman unless he or she had reasonable expectations of being able to discharge the liability; whereas we never know what may be the amount of the rate, which our extravagant Councils levy on us. We shall never get any real redress until there is a fixed maximum rate, whereas at present there is absolutely no restriction of the amount. If the average Councillor were to conduct his private affairs on the same grounds on which he discharges his public duties he would within twelve months have *volens volens* to pay a visit to the Bankruptcy Court.

Burgess Hill, Sussex.

J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

## Why Overtime?

SIR,—In a large number of works the increasing orders due to tariffs are resulting in overtime. Surely as a national contribution, wherever possible, added work might be shared out among extra hands. Directors could order works managers to follow this as a general rule, and local opinion will undoubtedly repay the concerns by an appreciation of the extra cost and trouble caused by employment of a new shift in place of simply ordering steady overtime.

Newport, Mon.

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## Next Week's Broadcasting

**M**USIC bids fair to take the honours for the weeks' best Programmes. On 5th February at 9.5 p.m. (London Regional) the Concert includes Songs of Farewell for Orchestra and Double Chorus (Delius) with the Philharmonic Choir under C. Kennedy Scott; on 8th February at 8.15 p.m. (National) there is Elena Gerhardt—a fine artist—with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Adrian Boult. At this latter Concert the first performance in England will be given of Variations for Orchestra by Schönberg who will himself conduct. It will be interesting to hear a new work of this revolutionary.

For those who prefer the more intimate type of Concert there begins on 6th February at 8 p.m. (National) a new series of Chamber Music programmes.

It has been the tendency of listeners to consider the words "Chamber Music" to be synonymous with "high-brow." The programme builders have perhaps been the cause of this for they have undoubtedly included in previous programmes the less coherent works. It is therefore most satisfactory and pleasing to see that Hadyn and Mozart are the composers chosen for the first of the new series.

## The Saturday Acrostics

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 20

WHAT DO DICKY-BIRDS DO IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR,  
WHEN THE LEAVES UNFOLD AND THE BLOSSOMS APPEAR?

1. Hook it and cook it—the fresher the better.
2. From offspring of Zadok now knock off a letter.
3. Killed dead by Cervantes, that great Spanish writer.
4. They call any fair in a lover or fighter.
5. In Persia men smoke me, the realm of the Shah.
6. This you do when you utter that little word Ah!
7. The core of what comes to us never alone.
8. "His hair like birds' feathers, like claws his nails grown."
9. A nation decapitate, cultured or wild.
10. Our CONQUEROR loved him as were he his child.
11. To rob folks and murder he thought did him credit.
12. What you said, sir, is this: you shall rue having said it!

### SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 19

S	c	a	b	b	a	r	D
W	e	l	l	-	t	o	O
E	a	r	l	-	m	a	r
E	p	i	s	c	o	p	a
T	r	a	n	s	p	a	r
A	l	e	-	w	i	f	E
N							A
N	u	m	e	r	a	t	R
E	c	c	l	e	s	i	S
P	a	t	r	i	a	r	H
A	f	o	r	e	t	i	E
G	a	b	e	r	l	u	E
E	v	a	n	e	s	c	T

<sup>1</sup> President of the Heralds' College, London.

<sup>2</sup> Ale-wife, a fish of the same genus as the shad, common on the east coast of North America.

The winner of Acrostic No. 18 (the first correct solution opened) was Martha. Will she please send her name?

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